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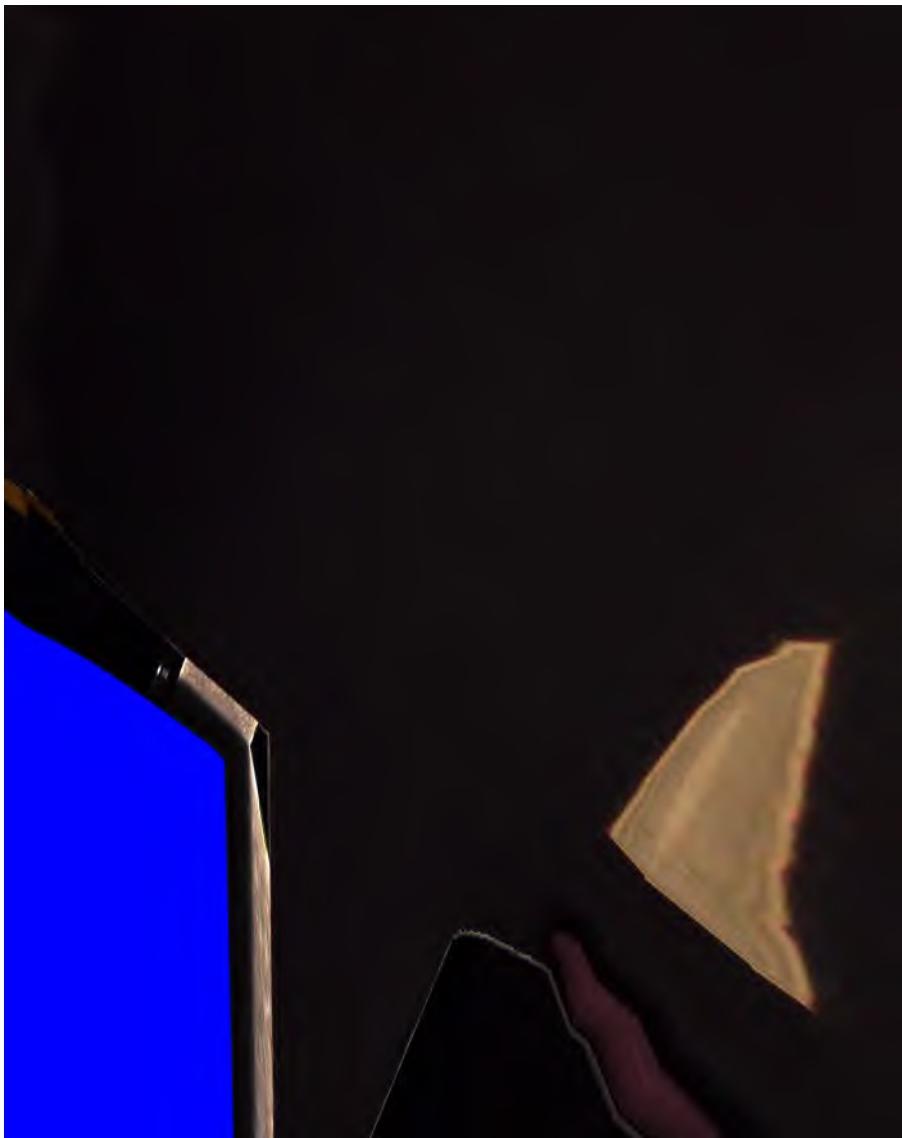


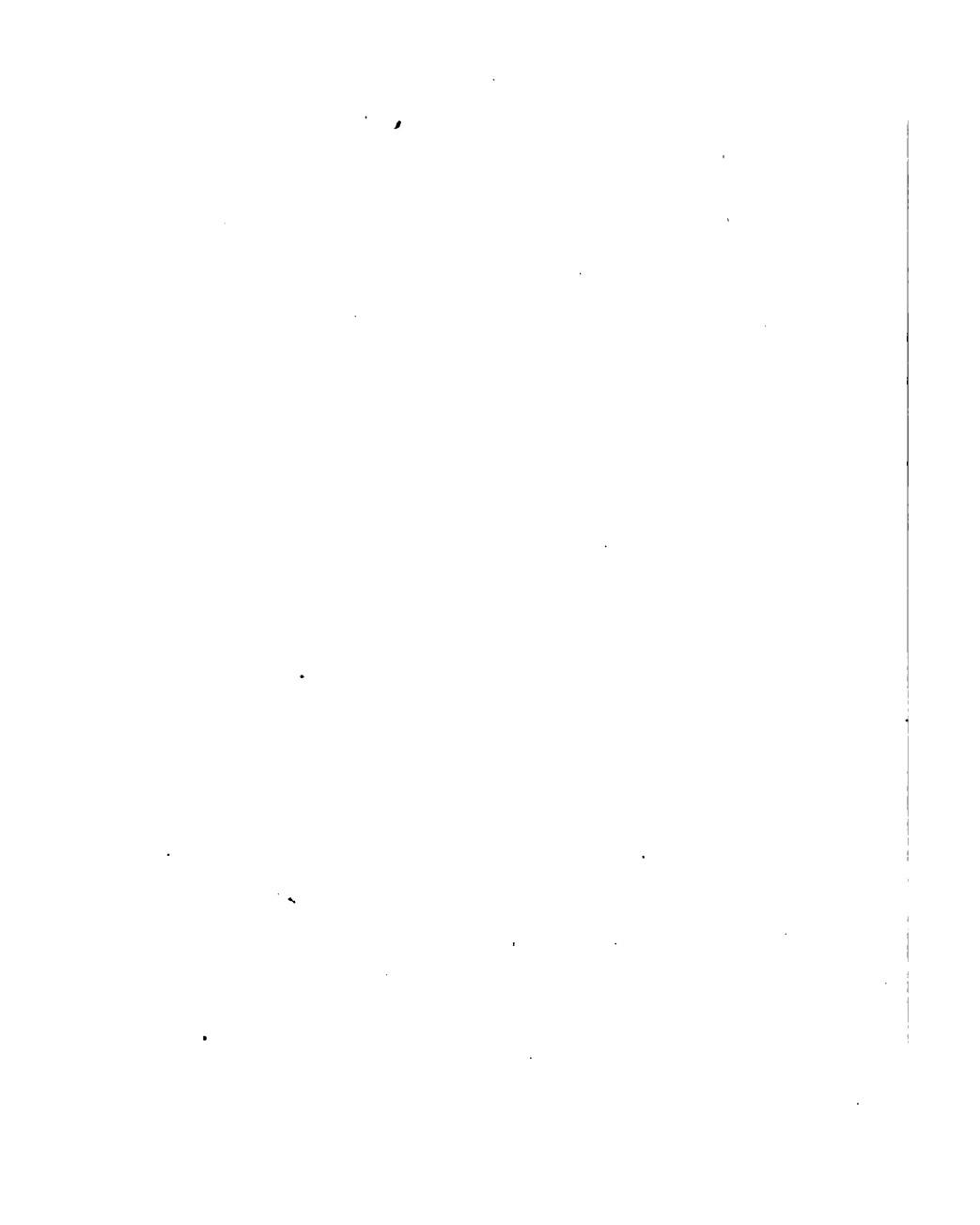
GLEANINGS FROM
GOD'S ACRE

A Collection of Epitaphs

—
BRISCOE







GLEANINGS FROM GOD'S ACRE:

BEING

A Collection of Epitaphs.

BY

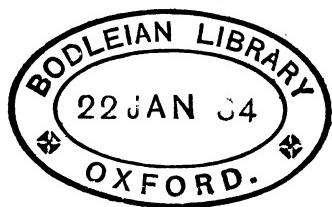
JOHN POTTER BRISCOE,
F.R.H.S., ETC.,

PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE NOTTINGHAM FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES;
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OF 'THE SONNETS AND SONGS OF ROBERT MILLHOUSE,'
'OLD NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,' ETC.

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AND A COPIOUS INDEX.

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P R E F A C E.

Gleanings from God's Acre differs from other collections inasmuch as only those epitaphs which actually exist, or have existed, on tombstones and other monuments of the dead, have been admitted to this collection. The epitaphs here given are grouped together, without any arbitrary division into sections. The object of the compiler has been to give a *representative* selection from the literature of the graveyard, rather than to make up a bulky volume; as far as possible, to give dates, places, and various renderings and extensions of the epitaphs; and to give their geographical distribution.

It is hoped that the copious index of persons' names, place names, and of first lines, will greatly facilitate reference to the contents of this little book.

J. POTTER BRISCOE.

153 WOODBOROUGH ROAD, NOTTINGHAM,
October 13, 1883.





ESSAY ON EPITAPHS,

BY

DR. S. JOHNSON.



HOUGH criticism has been cultivated in every age of learning, by men of great abilities and extensive knowledge, till the rules of writing are become rather burthensome than instructive to the mind; though almost every species of composition has been the subject of particular treatises, and given birth to definitions, distinctions, precepts, and illustrations; yet no critic of note, that has fallen within my observation, has hitherto thought *sepulchral inscriptions* worthy of a minute examination, or pointed out, with proper accuracy, their beauties and defects.

The reasons of this neglect it is useless to inquire, and perhaps impossible to discover; it might be justly expected that this kind of writing would have been the favourite topic of criticism, and that self-love might have

produced some regard for it, in those authors that have crowded libraries with elaborate dissertations upon Homer; since, to afford a subject for heroic poems is the privilege of very few, but every man may expect to be recorded in an epitaph, and therefore finds some interest in providing that his memory may not suffer by an unskilful panegyric.

If our prejudices in favour of antiquity deserve to have any part in the regulation of our studies, epitaphs seem entitled to more than common regard, as they are probably of the same age with the art of writing. The most ancient structures in the world — the Pyramids — are supposed to be sepulchral monuments, which either pride or gratitude erected ; and the same passions which incited men to such laborious and expensive methods of preserving their own memory, or that of their benefactors, would doubtless incline them not to neglect any easier means by which the same ends might be obtained. Nature and reason have dictated to every nation, that to preserve good actions from oblivion is both the interest and duty of mankind ; and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions.

To examine, therefore, in what the perfection of epitaphs consists, and what rules are to be observed in composing them, will be at least of as much use as other

critical inquiries ; and for assigning a few hours to such disquisitions, great examples, at least, if not strong reasons, may be pleaded.

An epitaph, as the word itself implies, is an *inscription on the tomb*, and in its most extensive import may admit indiscriminately satire or praise. But as malice has seldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raised have been the work of friendship and benevolence, custom has contracted the original latitude of the word, so that it signifies, in the general acceptation, an *inscription engraven on a tomb in honour of the person deceased*.

As honours are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellences, the principal intention of epitaphs is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as the observation of his life. Those epitaphs are, therefore, the most perfect, which set virtue in the strongest light, and are best adapted to exalt the reader's ideas, and rouse his emulation.

To this end it is not always necessary to recount the actions of a hero, or enumerate the writings of a philosopher; to imagine such informations necessary, is to detract from their characters, or to suppose their works mortal, or their achievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare

name of such men answers every purpose of a long inscription.

Had only the name of Sir Isaac Newton been subjoined to the design upon his monument, instead of a long detail of his discoveries, which no philosopher can want, and which none but a philosopher can understand, those by whose direction it was raised had done more honour both to him and to themselves.

This, indeed, is a commendation which it requires no genius to bestow, but which can never become vulgar or contemptible, if bestowed with judgment; because no single age produces many men of merit superior to panegyric. None but the first names can stand unassisted against the attacks of time; and if men, raised to reputation by accident or caprice, have nothing but their names engraved on their tombs, there is danger lest in a few years the inscription require an interpreter. Thus have their expectations been disappointed, who honoured Picus of Mirandola with this pompous epitaph:—

Hic situs est Picus Mirandola, cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

His name, then celebrated in the remotest corners of the earth, is now almost forgotten; and his works, then studied, admired, and applauded, are now mouldering in obscurity.

Next in dignity to the bare name is a short character, simple and unadorned, without exaggeration, superlatives,

or rhetoric. Such were the inscriptions in use among the Romans, in which the victories gained by their emperors were commemorated by a single epithet ; as Cæsar Germanicus, Cæsar Dacicus, Germanicus, Illyricus. Such would be this epitaph : Isaacus Newtonus, naturæ legibus investigatis, hic quiescit.

But, to far the greatest part of mankind, a longer encomium is necessary for the publication of their virtues and the preservation of their memories ; and in the composition of these it is that art is principally required, and precepts therefore may be useful.

In writing epitaphs, one circumstance is to be considered, which affects no other composition ; the place in which they are now commonly found restrains them to a particular air of solemnity, and debars them from the admission of all lighter or gayer ornaments. In this it is that the style of an Epitaph necessarily differs from that of an Elegy. The custom of burying our dead either in or near our churches, perhaps originally founded on a rational design of fitting the mind for religious exercises, by laying before it the most affecting proof of the uncertainty of life, makes it proper to exclude from our epitaphs all such allusions as are contrary to the doctrines for the propagation of which the churches are erected, and to the end for which those who peruse the monuments must be supposed to come thither. Nothing is, therefore,

more ridiculous than to copy the Roman inscriptions, which were engraven on stones by the highway, and composed by those who generally reflected on mortality only to excite in themselves and others a quicker relish of pleasure, and a more luxurious enjoyment of life, and whose regard for the dead extended no farther than a wish that the *earth might be light upon them*.

All allusions to the heathen mythology are therefore absurd, and all regard for the senseless remains of a dead man impertinent and superstitious. One of the first distinctions of the primitive Christians was their neglect of bestowing garlands on the dead, in which they are very rationally defended by their apologist in Minutius Felix. ‘We lavish no flowers nor odours on the dead,’ says he, ‘because they have no sense of fragrance or of beauty.’ We profess to reverence the dead, not for their sakes, but for our own. It is therefore always with indignation or contempt that I read the epitaph on Cowley, a man whose learning and poetry were his lowest merits :—

Aurea dum late volitant tua scripta per orbem,
Et fama eternum vivis, divine Poëta,
Hic placida jaceas requie, custodiat urnam
Cana fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Musæ !
Sit sacer ille locus, nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile bustum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per secula dulces
Cowleii cineres, serventque immobile saxum.

To pray that the ashes of a friend may lie undisturbed, and that the divinities that favoured him in his life may watch for ever round him, to preserve his tomb from violation, and drive sacrilege away, is only rational in him who believes the soul interested in the repose of the body, and the powers which he invokes for its protection able to preserve it. To censure such expressions as contrary to religion, or as remains of heathen superstition, would be too great a degree of severity. I condemn them only as uninstructive and unaffected, as too ludicrous for reverence or grief, for Christianity and a temple.

That the designs and decorations of monuments ought likewise to be formed with the same regard to the solemnity of the place, cannot be denied: it is an established principle, that all ornaments owe their beauty to their propriety. The same glitter of dress that adds grace to gaiety and youth, would make age and dignity contemptible. Charon with his boat is far from heightening the awful grandeur of the universal judgment, though drawn by Angelo himself; nor is it easy to imagine a greater absurdity than that of gracing the walls of a Christian temple with the figure of Mars leading a hero to battle, or Cupids sporting round a virgin. The Pope who defaced the statues of the deities at the tomb of Sannazarius is, in my opinion, more easily to be defended than he that erected them.

It is, for the same reason, improper to address the epitaph to the passenger, a custom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters, and which, among many others, Passeratius suffered to mislead him in his epitaph upon the heart of Henry, king of France, who was stabbed by Clement the monk, which yet deserves to be inserted, for the sake of showing how beautiful even improprieties may become in the hands of a good writer.

Adsta, viator, et dole regum vices.
Cor Regis isto conditum sub marmore,
Qui jura Gallis, jura Sarmatis dedit.
Tectus cucullo hunc sustulit sicarius.
Abi, viator, et dole regum vices.

In the monkish ages, however ignorant and unpolished, the epitaphs were drawn up with far greater propriety than can be shown in those which more enlightened times have produced.

Orate pro Anima—miserrimi Peccatoris,

was an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased, and of concern for his own happiness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend

to the noblest end, the propagation of piety and the increase of devotion.

It may seem very superfluous to lay it down as the first rule for writing epitaphs, that the name of the deceased is not to be omitted ; nor should I have thought such a precept necessary, had not the practice of the greatest writers shown that it has not been sufficiently regarded.

In most of the poetical epitaphs, the names for whom they were composed may be sought to no purpose, being only prefixed on the monument. To expose the absurdity of this omission, it is only necessary to ask how the epitaphs, which have outlived the stones on which they were inscribed, would have contributed to the information of posterity, had they wanted the names of those whom they celebrated.

In drawing the character of the deceased, there are no rules to be observed which do not equally relate to other compositions. The praise ought not to be general, because the mind is lost in the extent of any indefinite idea, and cannot be affected with what it cannot comprehend. When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what class to place him, nor have any notion of his character, distinct from that of a thousand others ; his example can have no effect upon our conduct, as we have nothing remarkable or eminent to propose to our imitation.

The epitaph composed by Ennius, for his own tomb, has both the faults last mentioned :—

Nemo me decoret lacrumis nec funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virtum.

The reader of this epitaph receives scarce any idea from it ; he neither conceives any veneration from the man to whom it belongs, nor is instructed by what methods this boasted reputation is to be obtained.

Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyric, and therefore not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places ; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of Mæcenas his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proscription to find a place on the monument of Augustus.

The best subject for epitaphs is private virtue ; virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppression, or freed the world from ignorance and error, can excite the emulation of a very small number ; but he

that has repelled the temptations of poverty, and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue, may animate multitudes, by his example, to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.

Of this kind I cannot forbear the mention of two Greek inscriptions ; one upon a man whose writings are well known, the other upon a person whose memory is preserved only in her epitaph, who both lived in slavery, the most calamitous estate in human life :—

*Ζωσίμη ἡ πρὶν εὐσὰ μονα τῷ σωματὶ δουλη,
Καὶ τῷ σωματὶ νῦν εὑρεν εἰλιθερίν.*

*Zosima, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.*

‘Zosima, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty.’

It is impossible to read this epitaph without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, ‘The poor cease from their labours, and the weary be at rest.’

The other is upon Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher :—

*Δουλος Ἐπικτητος γένομεν, καὶ σωμ' αναπηγός ;
Καὶ νινιν Ιησος, καὶ φίλος Αθανασίος.*

Servus Epictetus, mutilatus corpore vixi
Pauperieque Irus, curaque prima Deum.

'Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven.'

In this distich is comprised the noblest panegyric and the most important instruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of heaven, amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery : slavery, which has always been found so destructive to virtue, that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be likewise admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real value, since Epictetus, the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of heaven.





GLEANINGS FROM GOD'S ACRE.

GARRICK wrote the following epitaph to James Quin, the celebrated actor, which is to be seen in Bath Cathedral:—

That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more ;
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, which Shakspeare writ ;
Cold are those hands, which, living, were stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here is James Quin ! Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
'To this complexion thou must come at last.'



On the gravestone of John Hippesly, comedian, at Clifton, Gloucestershire, are these lines engraved:—

When the stage heard that death had struck her John,
Gay Comedy her sables first put on;
Laughter lamented that her fav'rite dy'd,
And Mirth herself ('tis strange) laid down and cry'd;
Wit droop'd his head; e'en Humour seem'd to mourn,
And solemnly sat pensive o'er his urn.



The following is to the memory of the architect of the Exchange and Guildhall, who was buried at Gateshead:—

Here lies Robert Trollope,
Who made your stones roll up.
When death took his soul up,
His body fill'd this hole up.

In St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, London, is the following epitaph to the famous 'Joe Miller,' written by S. Duck :—

Here lie the remains of
Honest Joe Miller,
Who was
A tender Husband,
A sincere friend,
A facetious Companion,
And an excellent Comedian.

He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738,
Aged 54 years.



At Bunny, in Notts, in the chancel of the church, there lies buried Sir Thomas Parkyns, the famous wrestler, and on a handsome marble monument he is represented in a wrestling attitude, and Time with his scythe mowing him down, with four lines in Latin, of which the following is a translation :—

At length he falls, the long contest's o'er,
And Time has thrown whom none e'er threw before ;
Yet boast not (Time) thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again, and conquer thee.

The following athlete's epitaph is from St. John's, Chester:—

Here lies the swift racer, so famed for his running,
In spite of his boasting, his swiftness and cunning;
In leaping o'er ditches, and skipping o'er fields,
Death soon overtook him, and tript up his heels.



Here is a Bellfounder's epitaph, to Thomas Purdue, who died Sept. 1, 1711, at the age of ninety. It is at the Abbey Church of Sherborne.

Here lies
The Bell Founder
Honest and true,
Till ye resurrection,
Named Purdue.

St. Nicholas', at Yarmouth, furnishes the next epitaph:—

Here lies John Wheedle, Parish Beedle,
Who was so very knowing;
His wisdom's gone, and so is he,
Because he left off growing.



From Leeds, in Kent, we have the following epitaph:—

In memory of James Barham, of this parish, who departed this life January 14th, 1818, aged 93; and who, from the year 1774 to the year 1804, rung in Kent and elsewhere 112 peals, not less than 5040 changes in each peal, and called bobs, etc., for most of the peals; and April 7th and 8th, 1761, assisted in ringing 40,320 bob majors on Leeds bells in twenty-seven hours.

The stone was originally erected with several blanks, which were subsequently filled in.

In the chancel of Wainfleet St. Mary Church in Lincolnshire is a memorial stone to a ringer, on which are these lines :—

Under this stone there is a vault, and
therein lyes the Remains of Adlard Thorpe,
Gent, a Sinner and a Ringer, who departed
this life on the 24th of January 1770, aged 58 years.



The following epitaph has no habitation, and no date.
It may have come from Suffolk :—

In ringing ever from my youth
I always took delight.
My bell is rung and I am gone,
My soul has took its flight,
To join a choir of heavenly singing
Which far excels the harmony of ringing.

At St. John's, Stamford, Lincolnshire, is this epitaph to William Pepper, who died 1783 :—

Tho' hot my name, yet mild my nature,
I bore good will to every creature ;
I brew'd good ale, and sold it too,
And unto each I gave his due.



In Upton-on-Severn is the following business-like epitaph to a beerseller :—

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the 'Lion,'
His son keeps on the business still,
Resign'd unto the Heavenly will.



This epitaph on a model barman is from St. Michael's Churchyard, Crooked Lane, London, and is to Robert Preston, 'Late Drawer, at the Boar's Head Tavern, in Great Eastcheap, who died March 16th, 1730, aged 27 :—

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produced one sober son, and here he lies ;
Tho' nurs'd among full hogsheads, he defy'd
The charm of wine, and ev'ry vice beside.
O Reader ! if to justice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind ;
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweigh'd his fau'ts ;
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy Bob, in measure and attendance.





On the gravestone of a beerseller, named Richard Philpots, of the Bell Inn at Bell End, who died in 1766, the following lines were cut at Belbroughton in Worcestershire :—

To tell a merry or a wondrous tale
Over a cheerful glass of nappy ale,
In harmless mirth was his supreme delight,
To please his guests or friends by day or night.
But no fine tale, how well soever told,
Could make the tyrant Death his stroke withhold.
That fatal stroke has lain him here in dust,
To rise again once more with joy we trust.





The following quaint epitaph is from a tomb in the parish church, Pannal, Yorkshire, and refers to a former proprietor of the Crown Hotel, Harrogate Wells :—

Here
Lieth the body
of

Joseph Thackwray by name,
Who, by the help of God,
Brought Sulphur Wells To Fame.
In the year of our Lord 1740
I came to the *Crown* ;
In 1791 they laid me down.

When I shall rise again,
No man can tell ;
But, in hopes of Heaven,
I'm not afraid of Hell.
To friends I bid farewell,
And part without a frown ;
In hopes to rise again,
And have a better *Crown*.

He departed this Life the 26th of November,
in the 79th year of his
age.

On a headstone in the churchyard at Melton Mowbray, to the memory of a blacksmith, named William Adcock (who died in 1786), appear the following quaint conceits :—

My *sledge* and *hammer* lie reclined,
My *bellows* too have lost their wind,
My *fire's* exhausted, *forge* decayed,
And in the dust my *vice* is laid,
My *coal* is spent, and I am gone,
My last *nail's* drove, my work is done.



An earlier version occurs in the churchyard at Blidworth, Notts, and is dated 1713. Here it is :—

My *Tongs* and *Hammer* lies declined,
My *Bellows* has quite lost their wind,
My *fire's* extinct, my *forge* decayed,
My *Vice* is in the dust all laid.
My *Coal* is spent, my *Iron* gone,
My *Nails* is drove, my work is done.

This epitaph was written by the poet Hayley, and occurs at Bothwell, Carisbrook, Feltham in Essex, Rochdale in Lancashire, Westham in Essex, at Lincoln, and at Belchford, Lincolnshire.



In Aliscombe Churchyard in Devonshire is this epitaph :—

Here lie the remains of James Pady, *brickmaker*, late of this parish, in hopes that his *clay* will be re-moulded in a workmanlike manner, far superior to his former perishable materials.

Keep death and judgment always in your *eye*,
Or else the devil off with you will fly,
And in his *kiln* with brimstone ever fry :
If you neglect the narrow road to seek,
Christ will reject you, like a *half-burnt brick*.





In the churchyard of Keyshoe, Bedfordshire, is the following inscription, now nearly obliterated. The event to which it relates, together with the circumstances which are known to be connected with it, appear too remarkable to be buried in oblivion. No alteration has been made in copying the inscription from the stone, except in spelling and grammar :—

In memory of the Mighty Hand of the Great God, and
our Saviour Jesus Christ, who preserved the life of

WILLIAM DICKINS,

April 17, 1718,

When he was pointing the steeple, and fell from the ridge of the middle window in the spire over the south-west pinnacle. He dropped upon the battlement, and there broke his leg and foot, and drove down two coping-stones, and so fell to the ground, with his neck upon one standard of his chair, when the other end took the ground. He was heard by his brother to say, when near the ground, ‘Christ have mercy upon me ! Lord Jesus Christ help me !’

It is added that he died Nov. 29th, 1759, aged 73 years.

The height from which this person fell was not less than 132 feet ! His leg and foot were exceedingly fractured ;

but his damage in other respects was so trifling that he not only lived forty years afterwards, but, within seven months from the time of his fall, he was capable of ascending the steeple a second time, and he then finished pointing the spire. The chair in which he sat was suspended by a strong rope of four strands, yet it parted evidently through the rocking of the spire, occasioned by the striking of the church clock at eight in the morning. Upon examining the rope, it appeared that three of the strands out of the four which composed it had been purposely cut through with a knife! Dickins had been in company the evening before this event with a person of the same business, and a strong suspicion was entertained that this man had cut the rope, in revenge for being disappointed of the job. Whether this suspicion was well or ill founded must be referred to the unerring Judge of the hearts and lives of all. But one fact is as certain as it was awful: the same man, having shortly after finished building a stack of chimneys, climbed to the top of them, to give an exulting cheer to the persons assembled there, when the work, not being dry, gave way, and falling with him, he was dashed to pieces.

'The Lord is known by the judgment which He executeth: The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.'



On the gravestone of a butler (who died July 6, 1739) in the churchyard at Ollerton in Notts, is the following epitaph :—

Beneath the droppings of this spout,
Here lies the body once so stout,

Of Francis Thompson

A soul this carcase once possess'd,
Which of its virtues was caress'd,
By all who knew the owner best.
The Rufford records can declare,
His actions, who for seventy year,
Both drew and drank its potent beer !
Fame mentions not in all time,
In this great Butler the least crime,

To stain his reputation.

To envy's self we now appeal,
If aught of fault she can reveal,

To make her declaration.

Here rest, good shade, nor hell nor vermin fear,
Thy virtues guard thy soul, thy body good strong beer.



In the old churchyard at Bullingham is the following epitaph to a builder :—

This humble stone is o'er a *builder's* bed.
Tho' raised on high by fame, low lies his head.
His *rule* and *compass* are now lock'd up in store,
Others may *build*, but he will build no more.
His house of *clay*, so frail, could hold no longer,
May he in heaven be *tenant* of a stronger!



In Leslie (N.B.) Churchyard is this epitaph :—

John Brown's dust lies here below,
Once served a noble earl
To his commands he ne'er said no,
Had it been on his peril.
His days and years they were spun out,
Like to a thread most fine,
At last a period came about,
Snapt it at ninety-nine :
It being the 14th of May,
In the year forty-six (1746),
This honest man was called away
To heaven we hope did flit.

In the churchyard at Oakham, near Working, Surrey,
is the following epitaph to a carpenter :—

Who many a sturdy oak has laid along,
Fell'd by death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong.
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And lived by *railing*, though he was no wit :
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,
And *stiles* corrected, yet was no grammarian.



On the tombstone of a carpenter who lies buried at
Portsmouth, the following lines are inscribed :—

Here lies JEMMY LITTLE, a carpenter industrious,
A very good-natured man, but somewhat blustering.
When that his little wife his authority withstands,
He took a little stick and bang'd her as he would.
His wife, now left alone, her loss does so deplore,
She wishes JEMMY back to bang her a little more ;
For now he's dead and gone this fault appears so small,
A little thing would make her think it was no fault at all.



At Yeovil, Somersetshire, is this epitaph :—

John Webb,
Son of John and Mary Webb, Clothiers, who died
of the measles, May 3d, 1646, aged 3 years.

How still he lies,
And clos'd his eyes,
That shone as bright as day :
The cruel measles,
Like clothiers' teasles,
Have scratched his life away.

Cochineal red
His lips have fled,
Which now are *blue* and *black*.
Dear pretty wretch,
How thy limbs stretch,
Like cloth upon the rack.

Repress thy sighs,
The husband cries,
My dear, and not repine,
For ten to one,
When God's work's done,
He'll come off superfine.

The following lines are inscribed on a gravestone in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Hollinwood :—

A coffin maker was I long,
And many a coffin made,
But now coffin'd in coffin strong,
I've left my coffin trade.



The next was copied at Ripon Cathedral :—

Here lyeth
John James,

The old cook of Newby, who was a faithful servant to
his master, and an upright, downright, honest man.

Banes among stanes
Do lie fou still,
While the soul wanders
E'en where God will.

In a cemetery near Salisbury is this epitaph to a cricketer :—

I bowl'd, I struck, I caught, I stopp'd—
Sure life's a game of cricket ;
I block'd with care, with caution popp'd,
Yet Death has hit my wicket.



The next is from St. Nicholas', Yarmouth :—

Here lies a man who first did dye
When he was 24,
And yet he lived to reach the age
Of hoary hairs fourscore.
But now he's gone, and certain 'tis
'He'll not dye any more.'

On a dyer in Lincoln Churchyard were these lines written :—

Here lies John Hyde ;
He first liv'd, and then he died,
He died to live, and liv'd to die,
And hopes to live eternally.



The following epitaph is taken from the gravestone of John Walker, at Bridgford-on-the-Hill, Notts :—

Farewell, my wife and father dear ;
My glass is run, my work is done,
And now my head lies quiet here.
That many an engine I've set up,
And got great praise from men :
I made them work on British ground,
And on the roaring seas.
My engine's stopped, my valves are bad,
And lies so deep within,
No engineer could there be found
To put me new ones in.
But Jesus Christ converted me,
And took me up above.
I hope once more to meet once more,
And sing redeeming love.

In the cemetery of Alton, Illinois, there is a tombstone bearing the following inscription :—

My engine is now cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill,
My coke affords its flame no more,
My days of usefulness are o'er ;
My wheels deny their noted speed,
No more my guiding hand they heed ;
My whistle—it has lost its tone,
Its shrill and thrilling sound is gone ;
My valves are now thrown open wide,
My flanges all refuse to glide ;
My clacks, alas ! though once so strong,
Refuse their aid in the busy throng ;
No more I feel each urging breath ;
My steam is now condensed in death ;
Life's railway o'er, each station past,
In death I'm stopped, and rest at last.

This epitaph was written by an engineer on the old Chicago and Mississippi Railway, who was fatally injured by an accident on the road ; and while he lay awaiting death, which he knew was near, he wrote the above lines, which are engraved upon his tombstone. It is to be met with at Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, and is dated 1840.

In the churchyard at Hythe, in Kent, is the annexed:—

His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
Till death came hauling for his due,
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes,
In vain it is to fret;
Nor fish nor fisherman escapes
Death's all-enclosing net.



From a churchyard near Folkestone we have the following:—

This stone is sacread to the memory of poor old Muster THOMAS BOXER, who was loste in the goud boate Rouver, just coming home with much fishes, got near Torbay, in the year of our Lord 1722.

Pray, goud fishermen, stop and drop a tear,
For we have lost his company *here*,
And where he's gone we cannot tell,
But we hope far from the wicked *Bell* (beerhouse).
The Lord be with him.

This epitaph is in Beckley Church :—

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dickey Pearce ;
His folly served to make men laugh,
When Wit and Mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas ! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry ?
Dickys enough are left behind
To laugh at by and by.



On the gravestone of a well-known fortune-teller, Mrs. Buff, in St. Mary's Churchyard, Nottingham, is (or was) this inscription :—

Here lies Mrs. Buff, who had more than enough
Of money laid in store,
And when she died, she shut her eyes,
And never spoke no more.

This is from Dunmore in Ireland :—

Here lie the remains of John Hall, Grocer,
The world is not worth a *fig*, and I have good *raisins*
for saying so.



In the churchyard at Nayland in Suffolk is the following :—

Here sleepeth in dust,
NED ALSTON,
The notorious Essex Highwayman,
Ob. Anno Dom. 1760.
Aetatis. 40.

My friends, here I am—Death at last has prevail'd,
And for once all my projects are baffled,
'Tis a blessing to know, tho', when once a man's *nail'd*,
He has no further dread of the scaffold.
My life was cut short by a shot thro' the head,
On his Majesty's highway at Dalston—
So as now 'Number One' 's numbered one of the dead,
All's one if he's *Alston* or *All-stone*.

At Dumfries is a tombstone in memory of Robert Anderson, painter and glazier, who died May 24, 1792, aged 80 years, on which is inscribed this couplet :—

They may write epitaphs who can,
I say here lies an honest man !



The following is from Nungate (N.B.) Chapel, and occurs on Mr. Robert Ker's monument. He died Feb. 4, 1677.

Salt-prestoun at his birth was very glad,
But more, when they him as their pastour had,
And, in like sort, their neighbour Hadingtoun
Did much rejoice in this man of renown,
Their pastour also, whom he both did teach,
As well by life, as by what he did preach.
All ranks of people now, with weeping eyes
And saddest hearts, attend his obsequies ;
Who, when the church unalter'd did remain,
A famous name did ever still obtain :
He sow'd his seed, with floods of brinish tears ;
Wherefore, with joy, his sheaf now home he bears.



The following is from the churchyard of Iselton-cum-Fenby in Lincolnshire :—

Here lies the bodie of old Will Loveland ;
He's put to bed at length with a shovel, and
Eas'd of expenses for raiment and food,
Which all his life tyme he would fain have escyewed ;
He grudged his housekeeping—his children's support,
And laid in his meates of the caggemag sorte,
No fyshe or fowle touch'd he, when 'twas dearly bought,
But a green taile or herrings, a score for a groate.

No friend to the needy,
His wealth gathered speedy,
And he never did naught but evil ;
He lived like a hogg,
And died like a dogg,
And now he rides post to the devil.



A small headstone in the churchyard at Scothorne, in Lincolnshire, has the following epitaph, which is now almost illegible :—

Alas poor John
Is dead and gone
Who often toll'd the Bell
And with a spade
Dug many a grave
And said Amen as well.

1739.

'Poor John' was John Blackburn, who had served the office of parish clerk for a period of nearly fifty years. He died January 9th, 1739-40.

CAND

On a tombstone in the churchyard at Ratcliffe-upon-Soar are these lines to the memory of Robert Smith, who died in 1782 at the age of eighty-two :—

Fifty-five years it was and something more
Clerk of this parish he the office bore ;
And in that space, 'tis awful to declare,
Two generations buried by him were.



The following is taken from the churchyard at Crayford in Kent, and is on the gravestone of Peter Isuel, who died Aug. 31, 1811, aged 70:—

The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen*.
In his youth he was married, like other young men;
But his wife died one day, so he chaunted *Amen*.
A second he took—she departed, what then?
He courted and married a third with *Amen*.
His joys and his sorrows were *treble*, but then
His voice was deep *bass*, as he sung out *Amen*.
The horn was exalted in blowing *Amen*,
He lost all his *wind* at threescore and ten;
And here with *three wives*, he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out *Amen*.





From the parish churchyard at Worth in Sussex we take the following epitaph of John Alcorn, the clerk and sexton, who died in 1868, at the ripe age of eighty-one :—

Time-honoured friend : for fifty-three full years
He saw each bridal's joy, each bridal's tears,
Within the walls by Saxons reared of old,
By the stone-sculptured font of antique mould,
Under the massive arches, in the glow
Tinged by dyed sunbeams passing to and fro,
A sentient portion of the sacred place,
A worthy presence, a well-worn face.
The lych-gate's shadow o'er his pall at last
Whispers adieu as poor old John goes past ;
Unseen the path, the trees, the old oak door,
No more his foot-falls touch the tomb-paved floor ;
His silvery head is hid, his service done.
Of all those Sabbaths absent only one ;
And now amid the graves he delved around,
He rests and sleeps beneath the hallowed ground.



From Bakewell in Derbyshire comes the following epitaph :—

The local powers here let us mark
Of Philip, our late parish clerk :
In church none ever heard a layman,
With a clearer voice say Amen.
Who now with Hallelujah's sound
Like him can make the roof rebound ?
The choirs lament his choral tones,
The town so soon—here lie his bones.



The next is from Selby in Yorkshire :—

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk and gravestone-cutter ;
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others us'd to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.

On the gravestone of a sexton at Chester is this couplet :—

Hurra ! my brave boys, let's rejoice at his fall !
For if he had lived, he had buried us all.



Here is an epitaph to a shrimp-seller, from St. John's Churchyard, Boston, Lincolnshire :—

Pause, traveller—whoe'er thou art, tread soft
Upon the turf that hides poor William Croft.
Alas ! that long-continued voice no more
The latent sound of music shall explore.
'Shrimp it' away—the tenor of his song,
As thro' the lane or street he mov'd along ;
Till, hapless day (the truth of which attest),
Death made a feast, invited many a guest :
At which Old Will a wicker basket bore,
Replete with shrimps, a valuable store ;
Death took the fish and ate them with some rusks,
And stopp'd poor William's windpipe with the husks.

It is reported that the following is to be seen on the monument of John Spier at Dumfries :—

Here lies John Spier,
Dumfriese-pipier :
Young John ? fy, fy,
Old John ? ay, ay.



From Chichester Cathedral we have the following epitaph to a seller of shell-fish, Elizabeth Atkinson, who died January 1, 1786, at the age of 77 years :—

Periwinkles ! Periwinkles !
Was ever her cry ;
She labour'd to live,
Poor and honest to die.
At the last day again
How her old eyes will twinkle !
For no more will she cry,
Periwinkles ! Periwinkles !
Ye rich, to virtuous want rejoicing give ;
Ye poor, by her example, learn to live.

This epitaph is on an old pie-woman in Peterborough Churchyard :—

Here into dust
The mouldering crust
Of old Bell Bachelor's shoven ;
She knew well the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And all the skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised ;
Now here she doth lie
To make a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust may be raised.



In St. Margaret's, Westminster, is this epitaph to England's first printer :—

To the memory of William Caxton, who first introduced into Great Britain the art of Printing, and who, A.D. 1477, or earlier, exercised that art in the Abbey of Westminster. This Tablet in remembrance of one to whom the literature of the country is so largely indebted, was raised A.D. MDCCXX., by the Roxburgh Club, Earl Spencer, K.G., President.



On the monument erected to John Arthur, shipmaster, in Alloa (N.B.) Churchyard are these lines cut :—

Though Boreas' *blasts* and Neptune's *waves*
Have toss'd me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I *harbour* here below ;
Where at an *anchor* I do lie,
With many of our *fleet* :
And once again we must *set sail*,
Our *admiral* Christ to meet.

The same epitaph is to be met with in Stepney Churchyard, on the gravestone of Captain John Dunch, who died in 1696 or 1697, at the age of sixty-seven; and in the churchyard of St. Mary Key, at Ipswich.



To the memory of 'Robert Sterling, skipper and merchant, who was notable for his holiness towards God, integrity of life, and love of his neighbours,' was a monument erected in Houff Churchyard, bearing the following lines :—

The world's tempestuous *sea* while I did plow,
My *anchor*, hope ; the word my *compass* too ;
Blest faith my *helm* ; the *wind*, to fill my *sails*,
The Holy Spirit with its blessed *gales* ;
Northstar, Thou Christ alone, I *steer'd* to Thee,
Thou still was in mine heart and in my eye ;
In heav'n above, my safest *port* whence I
Despise and scorn all earth's uncertainty.

CXXV

In the quaint churchyard at St. Brelade, in Jersey, is the following epitaph to an old seaman :—

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
Not castaway, but brought to anchor here,
Storms had overwhelm'd him, but the conscience wave
Repented, and resign'd him to the grave.
In harbour, safe from shipwreck now he lies,
Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies,
Refitted in a monument he'll be,
Sail from this port on an eternal sea.

In Camberwell Churchyard is a tombstone to James Blake, ' who sailed round the world with Captain Cook, as purser of one of his ships ; died the 25th June 1803, aged sixty-seven,' on which are these lines incised :—

The boist'rous main I've travers'd o'er, new seas and lands
explor'd,
But now at last am *anchor'd* fast, in peace and silence
moor'd ;
In hopes t' *explore* the realms of bliss, unknown to mortals
here,
And *haven* in a heavenly *port*, Great God to praise and
fear.



The following verse is on the gravestone of a schoolmaster, in the graveyard of Currie, near Edinburgh :—

Beneath thir stanes lie Meekie's banes :
O Satan ! should you tak him,
Appoint him tutor to your weans,
And clever deils he'll mak them.

Robert Burns wrote a similar one on a schoolmaster in Cleish, Fifeshire.



In Bideford Churchyard is the following epitaph on Captain Henry Clark, who died in 1836 :—

Our worthy friend who lies beneath this stone
Was master of a vessel all his own.
House and lands had he, and gold in store ;
He spent the whole, and would if ten times more.

For twenty years he scarce slept in a bed ;
Linhays and limekilns lull'd his weary head
Because he would not to the poor-house go,
For his proud spirit would not let him to.

The blackbird's whistling notes, at break of day,
Used to awake him from his bed of hay.
Unto the bridge and quay he then repaired
To see what shipping up the river steer'd.

Oft in the week he used to view the bay
To see what ships were coming in from sea.
To captain's wives he brought the welcome news,
And to the relatives of all the crews.

At last poor Harry Clark was taken ill,
And carried to the workhouse 'gainst his will ;
But being of this mortal life quite tired,
He lived about a month and then expired.

The following is said to exist on the gravestone of a military officer in a churchyard near Oxford :—

Billetted by Death,
I quarter'd here lay slain ;
And when the trumpet sounds,
I'll rise and march again.



In Yarmouth graveyard are the following lines to be met with. They are to the memory of one George Griffiths, of the Shropshire Militia, who died February 26, 1807, in consequence of a blow received in a quarrel with a comrade :—

Time flies away as nature on its wing.
I in a battle died (not for my king) ;
Words with my brother soldier did take place,
Which shameful is, and always brings disgrace.
Think not the worse of him who do remain,
For he as well as I might have been slain.

In Glastonbury, Somersetshire, is the following epitaph to Captain Dyer :—

Whom neither sword nor gun in warr
Could slay, in peace a cough did marr ;
'Gainst rebels he, and lust and sin,
Fought the good fight, died life to win.

Done by Alexander, his son.



On a handsome monument erected in Battersea Church to the memory of Sir Edward Wynter, an East Indian captain in the second Charles's time, are these lines :—

A rare example, and unknown to most,
Where wealth is gain'd, and conscience is not lost ;
Nor less in martial honour was his name,
Witness his actions of immortal fame.
Alone, unharmed, a tiger he opprest,
And crush'd to death the monster of a beast.
Thrice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew,
Singly, on foot, some wounded, some he slew,
Dispersed the rest,—what more could Samson do ?
True to his friends, a terror to his foes,
Here now in peace his honour'd bones repose.

At Bury St. Edmunds is this epitaph to William Middle-ditch, formerly sergeant-major of the Grenadier Guards, who died November 13, 1834, at the age of fifty-three years :—

A husband, father, comrade, friend sincere,
A British soldier brave, lies buried here,
In Spain and Flushing, and at Waterloo,
He fought to guard our country from the foe ;
His comrades, Britons, who survive him, say,
He acted nobly on that glorious day.



On the tombstone of an old soldier, aged ninety-two, at Bremhill, in Wiltshire, are these lines engraved :—

A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse and this recording stone.
'Twas his, in youth, o'er distant lands to stray,
Danger and death companions of his way.
Here, in his native village, stealing age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past—of names of high renown,
Or brave commanders long to dust gone down,
His look with instant animation glow'd,
Tho' ninety winters on his head had snow'd.
His country, while he lived, a boon supplied,
And Faith her shield held o'er him when he died.

The following, it is said, was copied from an old tomb-stone in Scotland :—

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person ;
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and sweet.

He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plumb through
The gullet ; it went in at his throat
And came out at the back of his coat.



On the gravestone of a solicitor in Rineton Churchyard, in Norfolk, is this couplet :—

God works a wonder now and then,
He, though a lawyer, was an honest man.

In St. Pancras Churchyard is the following epitaph :—

Here lies one, believe it if you can,
Who, tho' an attorney, was an honest man ;
The gates of Heav'n for him will open wide,
But will be shut 'gainst all the tribe beside.



On the gravestone of a stonemason, named John Hunter, who was buried at Hurworth, near Darlington, in 1800, is this professional epitaph :—

My *Guaging Sticks* is now laid by,
My *sliding rule* neglected lie
My Box my *Tape* and likewise Branans,
Must now be put in other hands ;
My *Brass receiver* and my *float*
Will never more engage my thought.
My *Worke* is off My *Gages Cast*
My Book end's closed, I've done at last.

The following is to a veteran, and is to be seen at
Chelsea Hospital :—

Here lies William Hiseland,
A Veteran, if ever Soldier was,
Who merited well a Pension,
If long service be a merit,
Having served upwards of the days of Man.
Ancient but not superannuated ;
Engaged in Series of Wars,
Civil as well as Foreign,
Yet maimed or worn out by neither.
His complexion was Fresh and Florid ;
His Health Hale and Hearty ;
His Memory Exact and Ready.
In Stature,
He exceeded the Military size ;
In Strength
He surpassed the Prime of Youth ;
And
What rendered his age still more Patriarchal,
When above a Hundred years old
He took unto him a Wife !
Read, fellow-soldiers, and reflect
That there is a *Spiritual Warfare*,
As well as a *Warfare Temporal*.
Born the 1st August 1620,
Died the 17th of February 1732,
Aged One Hundred and Twelve.

The following lines are inscribed on the tombstone of a watchmaker, in the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury :—

Thy *movements*, Gorsuch, kept in play,
The *wheels* of life felt no decay,
For fifty years at least ;
Till, by some sudden fatal stroke,
The *mainspring* or the *balance* broke,
And all the *movements* ceas'd.



In Sleaford Churchyard are these lines to Henry Fox, a weaver :—

Of tender *thread* this mortal *web* is made,
The *woof* and *warp* and *colours* early fade :
When power divine awakes the sleeping dust,
He gives immortal *garments* to the just.

On a tombstone in Berkeley (Gloucestershire) Church-yard, is the following epitaph on a watchmaker :—

Here lyeth Thomas Pearce, whom no man taught,
Yet he in iron, brass, and silver wrought ;
He jacks, and clocks, and watches (with art) made
And mended, too, when others work did fade.
Of Berkeley, five times Mayor this artist was,
And yet this Mayor, this artist, was but grass.
When his own watch was down on the last day,
He that made watches had not made a key
To wind it up ; but useless it must lie,
Until he rise again no more to die.

Died February 25th, 1665, aged 77.



At St. Dunstan's, Stepney, is this couplet :—

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfield's Weaver, and that's all.



From the churchyard at Sibthorp, in Notts, we obtain the following lines to four children of the name of Hall, who died in early infancy :—

The cup of life just with their lips they pressed,
They found it bitter, and declined the rest.
Averse then, turning from the face of day,
They softly sighed their little souls away.

A similar epitaph occurs in Ely Cathedral to Maria Scott, who died in 1836, at the age of seven. The differences are, that the Ely example is of course in the feminine gender and not in the plural number; the punctuation varies a little; the last word in the first line is spelt ‘prest’; and the first part of the second line reads thus :—

‘Found the taste bitter.’ . . .

A similar version, to a boy, seven months old, named E. B. Browning, is at Kensal Green; and to a little girl, at Prittlewell, near Southend.



At Stanford, in Notts, is an epitaph to the son of a rector, who died in his second year, September 4, 1700, which we here give :—

As careful nurses
To their bed doe lay
Their children which too
Long would wanton play ;
So to prevent all my
Evening crimes,
Nature, my nurse, laid
Me to bed betimes.

Another version occurs in the same county, at Wilford, on the gravestone of one John Greasley, aged five years, who died May 26, 1736 :—

As careful Nurse They to Bed do lay
Their Babes which would too long ye wanton play,
So to prevent my Youth's enticing crimes,
Nature my Nurse laid me to rest betimes.

The annexed is an exact copy of an epitaph on a grave-stone near Philadelphia :—

In memory of Henry Wang, son of his father and mother, John and Maria Wang. Died December 3rd, 1829, aged 1-2 hour. The first deposit of this yard.

A short-lived joy
Was our little boy.
He has gone on high,
So do'nt you cry.



The following singular epitaph is inscribed in Ripon Churchyard :—

Bold Infidelity turn pale and die,
Beneath this tomb six infants' ashes lie ;
Say are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned because they're here ;
If heaven's by work, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason—ah, how depraved,
But search the Scripture's sacred page,
The knot's untied.
They died, for Adam sinned ;
They live, for Jesus died.

Near the north wall of the chancel of Humberstone Church, Lincolnshire, in the graveyard, is the following inscription on the stone to the memory of Bennett Odling, who died in 1857, at the age of ten years :—

Stop, passenger, and view thy fate,
Stand and compose thy mind,
The young must die as well as old,
Tho' but one step behind.



In the north transept of St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, is a mural monument to the memory of Frederick John Cox, a youth of great promise, both for piety and talents, cut off in the morning of life. He died in 1809, in his sixteenth year :—

Farewell, dear youth ! too soon thy course is sped,
Fond nature cries, and mourns the untimely dead ;
Yet why these tears ? in everlasting day
Still blooms thy youth, and never shall decay :
What could a parent wish, but see thee rise ?
God knew that wish, and took thee to the skies.
Farewell, in happier realms thy harvest reap.
There shall we meet thee, and then cease to weep.

Also, to the memory of Frederick John Lissant Cox,
brother of the preceding, and, like him, cut off at school,
in his sixteenth year, in 1816 :—

Early they fall, two young and fairest plants
The first all vig'rous and in greenest health,
Tow'ring to loftiest height and amplest shade,
Not so the other, sickly at the root,
He yet put forth the buds and flowers of mind,
And bore his fruits too early, and then died.
But in another and more congenial clime,
They both shall live again in endless bloom.



In Hoveringham Churchyard, Notts, is this remarkable epitaph :—

Kaye Mawer, Gent 1727

Age 17

He was an excellent sailor
And had acquired so great a
Knowledge of his Profession
That if it had pleas'd God to
Have continued him in this world
He probably would
Have done honour to the
British Navy

In the church at Davenham is this epitaph to John Brown, who died October 15, 1807, aged six months :—

This lovely bud—so young, so Fair—
Called hence by early doom,
Just come to show how sweet a Flower
In Paradise would Bloom.



This couplet is from Peterborough Cathedral :—

Here lies a babe, that only cry'd,
In baptism to be washed from sin, and dy'd.

January 17, 1666.



From Llonghor in Glamorganshire we have a reminder of a beautiful but obsolete custom :—

The village maidens to her grave shall bring
Selected garlands each returning spring ;
Selected sweets, in emblem of the maid
Who underneath this hallow'd turf is laid :
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye ;
Like her, too soon they languish, fade, and die.



In the south-east part of the churchyard of Lee, Kent, is a tombstone in memory of Edward Ives, who died young, in June 1813. On it are inscribed these beautiful and pathetic lines :—

Could lettered stone or monumental bust
Rekindle life, or animate the dust,
Oh ! what high altars would a mother raise,
Toil would be rapture, labour would be praise !
But since the fixed decree can change no more,
Nor prayers nor tears departed life restore ;
Since vain the sculptor's and the poet's bays,
Accept, lamented shade, these simple lays ;
Accept the tribute nature offers here,
A weeping mother hanging o'er thy bier ;
Whose early promise, shrouded in the tomb,
Spreads o'er her soul more than sepulchral gloom.
But ah ! the hope of meeting after *death*,
Of *life* renewed, where no pestiferous breath
Shall blast the early floweret in its pride,
Nor tear the sapling from its parent's side,
Shall teach her to resign what once was given,
Nor mourn AN ANGEL *is recalled to heaven.*

In St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, is the following epitaph :—

Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Gwynn ;
Who was so very pure within,
She burst the outer shell of sin,
And hatch'd herself a cherubim.



The following are copied from tombstones in the churchyard of the village of Edwinstowe, Sherwood Forest, Notts :—

While here interred the virgins' ashes lie,
Their deathless souls retired above the sky,
To which calm region of eternal day
The eldest of them kindly showed the way.

Enclosed within this humble bed
An Hibernian woman rests her head ;
Few friends had she in Britain's isle,
I hope that God will on her smile.

The next epitaph is at Hadleigh, in Suffolk :—

To free me from domestic strife,
Death call'd at my house—but he spoke with my wife.
Susan, wife of David Patison, lies here,
October the 19th, 1706.
Stop, Reader, and if not in a hurry, shed a tear.



In Silton Church, Dorsetshire, are these lines :—

Here lies a piece of Christ,
A star in dust;
A vein of gold—a china dish,
That must
Be used in heaven when God
Shall feast the just.

From the tombstone of Charles Taylor (in Humberstone, Lincolnshire), who died in 1840 at the age of twenty-two years, I transcribed the following :—

Yea, speedily was I taken away, lest that sickness
should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile
his soul.



In the churchyard at Tilworth, Bedfordshire, is a
gravestone on which is inscribed :—

This stone was erected
By subscription
To the memory of
A female unknown,
Found murder'd in Blackgrove Wood,
August 15th, 1821.

Oh pause, my friends, and drop a silent tear,
Attend, and learn why I was buried here.
Perchance some distant earth had hid my clay
If I outliv'd the sad, the fatal day.
To you unknown, my case not understood,
From whence I came, or why in Blackgrove Wood,
This truth's too clear, and nearly all that's known,
I there was murder'd ! and the villain's flown.
May God, whose piercing eye pursues his flight,
Pardon the crime, but bring the deed to light.

This couplet is from Sevenoaks, in Kent :—

Grim death took me without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.



The next is a translation of an inscription in the
Montmartre Cemetery at Paris :—

Poor Charles !
His innocent pleasure was to row on the water.
Alas !

He was the victim of this fatal desire,
Which conducted him to the tomb.

Reader ! consider that the water in which he was drowned
Is the amassed tears of his relatives and friends.

These lines are on a stone at Fosbrooke, Northumberland :—

Here lieth Matthew Hollingshead,
Who died through cold caught in his head,
It brought on fever and rheumatiz,
Which ended me—for here I is.



From Burton Joyce (Notts) Churchyard the following lines are taken, from the headstone of Elizabeth Cliff, who died in 1835 :—

This monumental stone records the name
Of her who perished in the night by flame
Sudden and awful, for her hoary head ;
She was brought here to sleep amongst the dead.
Her loving husband strove to damp the flame
Till he was nearly sacrificed the same.
Her sleeping dust, tho' by thee rudely trod,
Proclaims aloud, prepare to meet thy God.

This is from Bideford :—

The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided,
And ere that day did come, alas !
He sicken'd and he die did.



Near the entrance to the steeple of West Bridgford, near Nottingham, a gravestone, erected to the memory of John Billings, aged eighty-two, who died November 20, 1785, bears the following beautiful lines from Dryden's *Oedipus*.—

He fell like the autumn fruit, that hallowed long,
Much wondered at because he dropt no sooner.
Fate wound him up for threescore years and ten,
Yet freshly ran he on some winters more,
Till like a clock worn out with beating time,
The wheels of weary life at length stood still.

On the gravestone of Thomas Aldridge, who died at the age of ninety years, in High Wycombe, Bucks, is the following epitaph :—

Of no distemper,
Of no blast he died,
 But fell,
Like autumn fruit
That's mellowed long,
 E'en wonder'd at,
Because he dropt no sooner.
Providence seem'd to wind him up
For fourscore years, yet ran he on
Nine winters more, till like a clock
Worn out with beating time,
 At last stood still.



The following is copied from Mary Taylor's headstone, in the churchyard of Humberstone in Lincolnshire. She died in 1835, aged twenty-two years :—

What a memorable proof is here
Of the frailty of human nature ;
Look ! O look ye gay and careless,
Attend to the date, and boast no more of to-morrow.

In Westminster Abbey is the following epitaph to 'Old Parr':—

THOMAS PARR, of the County of Salop,
Born Anno 1483.

He lived in the Reigns of Ten Princes, viz. :—

Edward the 4th, Edward the 5th,
Richard the 3d, Henry the 7th,
Henry the 8th, Edward the 6th,
Mary, Elizabeth, James, and Charles.

He died in London,
Aged 152 years,
And was buried here, November 13th, 1635.



On the stone to one S. Rumbold, at Brightwell, Oxford,
are these lines cut :—

He lived one hundred and five,
Sanguine and strong ;
A hundred to five
You live not so long.

Dy'd March 4, 1687.

From Matherne Churchyard, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, is a stone to the memory of Joseph Lee, who died in 1825, aged 103 years, on which are these lines:—

Joseph Lee is dead and gone,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old drab coat,
All buttoned down before.



Another version of the same epitaph is in print, the first line of which reads thus:—

Here lies *John Lee*, that good old man;
and the colour of his coat, mentioned in the third line, is said to have been brown. With these variations the lines are identical with those given first.

In the graveyard of St. Catherine at Gloucester, there is a raised tomb, on which is inscribed :—

Here lieth old Mr. Richard Tully,
Who lived C and 3 years fully ;
He did the sword of the city weare,
Before the Mayor thirty-one yeaeres ;
Four wives he had, and here they lie,
All waiting Heaven's eternity.

He died March 1619.



In Crowland Abbey is the following epitaph :—

Beneath this place in 6 foot in length against ye clerks pew, lyeth the body of Mr. Abram Baly. He died ye 3 Jan., 1704. Also ye body of Mary his Wid. She dyed ye 15 May, 1705. Also ye body of Abram, Son of ye sd Abram and Mary. He died ye 13 Jan., 1704. Also 2 which dyed in there Enfancy.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Some break their fast and so depart away,
Others stay dinner then depart ful fed ;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
Oh, reader, then behold and see,
.As we are now so must you be.

At Ecclesfield, near Sheffield, is this version of the epitaph :—

Man's life is like a winter's day :
Some only breakfast, and away ;
Others to dinner stay, and are well fed ;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed ;
Long is his life who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.



It also occurs in the churchyard at St. Andrew's the Less at Cambridge, on the tombstone of one Stewart, who died in 1772, at the age of 46. With the following alteration of the two last lines it is to be met with at Llangollen :—

Such is our lot—We linger out the day,
Who stays the longest has the most to pay.

In St. Mary's Churchyard at Nottingham is another version, on the tombstone of George Africanus, who died in 1804 :—

Our life is nothing but a winter's day :
Some break their fast and go away ;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed ;
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed.
He's most in debt that lingers out the day ;
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

CENS

This extended version comes from Barnwell, near Cambridge :—

Man's life is like a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away ;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Long is his life who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay :
Death is the Waiter, some few run on tick,
And some, alas ! may pay the bill to Nick !
Tho' I ow'd much, I hope long trust is given,
And truly mean to pay all debts in Heaven.



In Crowden Churchyard is this epitaph :—

Sacred to the memory of
Mr. William Burnet,
Who died in October, 1760,
in his 75th year.

‘What is man?’

To-day he’s drest in gold and silver bright,
Wrapt in a shroud before *to-morrow* night ;
To-day he’s feasting on delicious food,
To-morrow nothing eat can do him good ;
To-day he’s nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
In a few days himself a dish for worms ;
To-day he’s honoured, and in great esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him ;
To-day he rises from a velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that’s made of lead ;
To-day his house, though large, he thinks too small,
To-morrow can command no house at all ;
To-day has twenty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scarcely one will deign to wait ;
To-day perfumed and sweet as is the rose,
To-morrow stinks in everybody’s nose ;
To-day he’s grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastly and pale before *to-morrow* night.
Now when you’ve wrote and said whate’er you can,
This is the best that you can say of MAN !

In Selston Churchyard, Notts, lies buried old Dan Boswell, the head of a well-known party of gipsies. His epitaph is :—

P've lodged in many a town,
I've travelled many a year,
But death at length has brought me down
To my last lodging here.



In the churchyard at Blidworth in Notts is a stone which bears the following inscription :—

I that Hath this Stone Made
Shews in Next Vers Where I be lade
That is When I do End this Life
I wood be Lade here by my wife.

On a tablet on the south side of the church at Eyam, Derbyshire, is the following curious inscription :—

Here lieth the body of Ann Sellars,
Buried by this stone,—who
Dyed on Jan. 15th day, 1731.
Likewise here lies dear Isaac
Sellars, my husband, and my right,
Who was buried on that day come
Seven years 1738. In seven years
Time there comes a change—
Observe, and here you'll see,
On that same day come
Seven years, my husband's
Laid by me.



At Moffat (N.B.) is a gravestone erected to the memory of ‘William Muir, formerly of Clarefoot, and Katherine his spouse, both died Anno Dom. 1759: she, November 6; he, December 4.’

Here lies the man, the woman here,
Their mutual love so passing dear,
When down she in the grave did ly,
Here he reclin'd of sympathy.

On the tombstone in St. Mary's Church, Atherington, to the Rev. Devon Vicar (Rector of Atherington), and his wife, dated 1662, are these lines :—

Oh love, how strong dost thou tie knots
That death can't solve them with his plots,
Death with thy sting, t' hast lost thine art,
For man and wife thou can't not part.
True love made us one to live and die,
Our bodys rest below, our souls on high.



The following epitaph is also to be met with in St. Mary's, Atherington :—

Here lieth the body
Of GEORGE PADDON,
Who departed this life at Boriate, August 1, 1765,
Aged 42 years.

Dear wife and child and parent mild,
In hope from grief refrain ;
That we may meet in joys more sweet,
Never to part again.

In Haddington (N.B.) Churchyard are the following lines to 'Mareon Gray,' wife of the schoolmaster of that town. She died December 29, 1655.

If modesty command a wife,
And providence a mother,
Grave chastity a widow's life,
We'll not find such another
In Hadingtoun as Mareon Gray,
Who here doth lie till the doomsday.



At Bristol, on Mrs. Elizabeth Moody's tombstone is inscribed :—

Fair was her form, more fair her gentle mind,
Where virtue, sense, and piety combin'd,
To wedded love gave friendship's highest zest,
Endear'd the wife, and made the husband blest.

Now widow'd grief erects this sacred stone
To make her virtues and his sorrows known ;
Reader, if thine the sympathetic tear,
O stay, and drop the tender tribute here.

In St. Mary's Church, Atherington, is this epitaph :—

Sacred to the memory of
SARAH, the beloved wife of the
Rev. Robt. Chichester,
Vicar of Chittlehampton,
She died at Ilfracombe, on the 31st August,
And was buried in this Church
On the 10th September, 1825.

Religion was the directing principle of her mind,
And adorned it with those virtues and graces
Which enabled her to perform all the duties
Of a pious Christian, an affectionate wife,
A tender mother, and a sincere friend.
'When the ear heard her, then it blessed her,'
For she relieved the distressed and comforted the afflicted.
Her attached husband and children,
To perpetuate the remembrance
Of a wife and parent most deservedly dear to them,
Have erected this tablet
As a lasting tribute of their affection and esteem.

Also to AMY, daughter of the above named
Robert and Sarah Chichester,
Who died in the faith and fear of God,
The 26th day of June, 1863,
Aged 81 years.

These beautiful lines occur upon a monument in St. Margaret's, Westminster. They were written by Pope to Mrs. Corbett, who died March 1, 1724:—

Here rests a Woman, good without Pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense:
No Conquest she, but o'er herself desired;
No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinced that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven has its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd,
The Saint sustain'd it, but the *Woman* dy'd.



The following lines occur at Oxton in Nottinghamshire:—

Here lies a cheerful loving wife
A faithful Nurse and Mother
A neighbour free from brawls and strife
A pattern for all other.



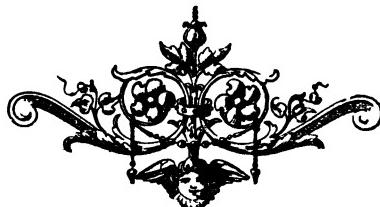
The following, from Dunkeld, Perth, is on Margary Scott, who lived single a quarter of a century, married fifty years, and a widow for half a century, and died in 1738 :—

Stop, reader, here, until my life you've read,
The living may gain knowledge from the dead :
Five times five years I've lived a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I was a married wife ;
Ten times five years a widow grave and chaste ;
Now, wearied of this mortal life, I rest.
I from my cradle to my grave have seen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen ;
Four times five years the commonwealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rise against the law ;
Twice did I see old prelacy put down,
And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown :
An end of Stuart's race I saw,—nay, more,
I saw my country sold for English ore ;
Such dissolution in my time has been,
That I've an end of all perfection seen.



On a stone to the memory of Ann Pickard, in Wilford Churchyard, Notts, is inscribed : —

She loved peace and quietness,
And here entombed doth lie ;
We hope her soul has gone to rest
Above the starry sky.



Here is an uncommon epitaph from Ollerton in Nottinghamshire :—

Here lies Esther, the wife of James Roberts,
Forty-six years. She was a loving wife, a
tender Mother—a good Housekeeper, and
Staid at Home. She died October the
7th, 1773. In the 64th year of her age.



The following extraordinary epitaph is from the church at Horsleydown in Cumberland :—

Here lie the bodies
Of Thomas Bond, and Mary his Wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable ;
But she was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother ;
But, her husband and child, whom she loved,
seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with
an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers ;
But, imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding ;
But, at home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
and was seldom known to praise or commend ;
But, the talents in which she principally excelled
were difference of opinion, and discovering
flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist, and, without prodigality,
dispensed plenty to every person in her family ;
But, would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.

She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities ;
But, much more frequently miserable with her many failings ;
Insomuch, that in thirty years' cohabitation
he often lamented
that, maugre all her virtues,
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two
years of matrimonial comfort.

At length, finding she had lost the affection of her husband, as well as the regard of her neighbours, family disputes having been divulged by servants, she died of vexation *July 20, 1768*, aged 48 years.

Her worn out husband survived her four months and two days, and departed this life *Nov. 28th, 1768*, in the 54th year of his age.

WILLIAM BOND, Brother to the deceased, erected this stone
as a *weekly monitor* to the surviving
wives of this parish,
that they may avoid the infamy
of having their *memories* handed down to posterity
with a patch-work character.



From Cherening-le-Clay, Dorsetshire, comes the annexed remarkable epitaph :—

Who far below this tomb doth rest,
Has join'd the army of the blest ;
The Lord has ta'en her to the sky,
The saints rejoice, and *so do I.*



In the Greyfriars Church at Edinburgh is said to have been the following epitaph :—

Cy gist ma femme fort bien,
Pour son reposé, ce pour le mien.

My wife lies here conveniently,
She is at rest, and so am I.

From Swansea Churchyard is the following taken :—

The body underneath this stone is
Of my late husband, Jacob Jonas,
Who, when alive, was an Adonis.
Ah ! well-a-day !
O death ! thou spoiler of fair faces,
Why took'st thou him from my embraces ?
How could'st thou mar so many graces ?
Say, tyrant, say.



In Ash Churchyard is this epitaph to a bachelor :—

Poor John Thomas, here he lies ;
No one laughs, no one cries ;
Where he's gone and how he fares,
No one knows, and no one cares.

Another version, on a mural tablet in Dunstable Church to William Chew, who died March 13, 1712, reads thus :—

Here lies the body of William Chew,
That when alive was beloved by few ;
Now where he's gone, or how he fares,
Nobody knows, nor nobody cares.



In Monifieth (N.B.) Churchyard is a monument to the Rev. Mr. Barclay, a bachelor, on which is cut this couplet, of which we give a translation :—

Barclaium forsitan culpas, de coelibe vita ;
Falleris, uxores duxerat ille novem.

Of Barclay's single life if you complain,
You err, he had for wife the muses nine.

At Heydon in Yorkshire is this inscription :—

Here lyeth the body of
William Strutton, of Paddington,
Buried the 18th of May, 1734,
Aged 97,
Who had by his first wife, twenty-eight children,
And by a second seventeen ;
Own father to forty-five
Grandfather to eighty-six,
Great-grandfather to ninety-seven,
And great-great-grandfather to twenty-three ;
In all two hundred and fifty-one.



In Aberconway Church (Conway), Carnarvonshire, is this epitaph on a floorstone :—

Here lieth the body of
NICHOLAS HOOKES,
Of Conway, gentleman, who was the one-and-fortieth child
Of his father.
William Hookes, Esq., by Alice, his wife,
And the father of seven-and-twenty children.
He died the 20th day of March 1637.

From Wolstanton we have the following couplet :—

Some have children, some have none ;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.



In Lincoln Cathedral is this epitaph of the Very Rev. Michael Honeywood, D.D. :—

Here lieth the Body of
Michael Honeywood, D.D.,
Dean of Lincoln, who died Sept. 7, 1681, aged 85.
He was Grandchild, and one of the 367 persons
That Mary, the Wife of Robert Honeywood, Esq.,
Did see before she died lawfully descended from her ;
That is,
Sixteen of her own body,
One hundred and fourteen Grandchildren,
Two hundred and twenty-eight of the third generation,
And nine of the fourth.

(Lady Mary Honeywood died at Markshall in Essex, in 1620, aged ninety-two, and in the forty-fourth year of her widowhood.)



The following epitaph is on an upright tombstone which stands on the right-hand side (about midway) of the path leading from the wicket-gate to the tower of Humberstone Church, near Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire :—

Sacred
to the Memory of
Thomas Hudlestone
who departed this Life
December 6th 1813
in the 76th Year
of his
Age.

Here lies a man who kept his word,
As far as Mortal could.
To grieve for him would be absurd,
Because his life was good.
He liv'd and dy'd an honest man.
Go thou and do the same,
'Twill recommend the Gospel Plan
And yield thee endless Fame.

A similar epitaph exists at Bottesford, in Leicestershire.

In St. Mary's, Atherington, is the following epitaph:—

James, the sonne of M. Lewes Vicary, rector of this parish, was buried the 16th day of March, Ano. Dni., 1641.

Of children eleven,
I last was by turn,
Though next to sonnes seven,
Sucessively born.
Yet first and soon driven
To lodge in an urn.



In St. Mary's Churchyard, Atherington, is this epitaph to be found:—

Seventy-six years I lived on earth
In honesty and peace;
Then, from this vain and toilsome world
The Lord did me release.
And as for all the sinful deeds
That ever I have done,
I hope the Lord will me forgive
Through his beloved son.

In the churchyard of Kilmarnock is (or was) a tombstone to Thomas Samson, who died December 12, 1795, at the age of seventy-two, on which is the inscription :—

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots spare him ;
If honest worth in heaven arise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.



On the tombstone of Thomas Tyre, at West Kilbride, are these lines cut :—

Here lie the banes of Thomas Tyre,
Who lang had trudg'd through dub and mire,
In carrying bundles and sik lyke,
His task performing with small fyke.
To deal his snuff Tam aye was free,
And serv'd his friend for little fee.
His life obscure was nothing new,
Yet we must own his faults were few,
Although at Yule he sup'd a drap,
And in the kirk whiles took a nap.
True to his word in every case,
Tam scorn'd to cheat for lucre base,
Now he is gone to taste the fare,
Which none but honest men will share.

He died 2 January 1795, aged 72 and $\frac{1}{2}$.

In St. Peter's Churchyard, at Nottingham, a tombstone bears the following inscription on Vincent Eyre, who, becoming so excited at an election, died on the spot :—

Here lies Vin Eyre,
Let fall a tear
For one true man of honour.
No courtly lord
Who breaks his word
Will ever be a mourner.

In Freedom's cause
He stretched his jaws,
Exhausted all his spirit,
Then fell down dead.
It must be said
He was a man of merit.

Let Freemen be
As brave as he,
And vote without a guinea ;
Vin Eyre is hurl'd
To th' other world,
And ne'er took bribe a penny.

Sept. 6th, 1727.

True to his friend, to helpless parents kind ;
He died in honour's cause, to interest blind.
Why should we grieve ? Life's but an airy toy,
We vainly weep for him who died of joy.

At St. Beryan, Cornwall, is the following epitaph :—

Here lys the Body of Arthur Levelis
of Trewoof in this parish, Esq.
who departed this life
2 day of Mar. Anno Dom. 1671.

This worthy family hath flourished here
Since William's Conquest full Six hundred year
And longer much it might But that the Blest
Must spend their Seaventh in a Blessed Rest
But yet this Gentleman Last of his Name
Hath by his Virtues Eternized the same
Much more then Children could or Books for Love
Recordes it here in Hearts in Life above.



The next epitaph is to the Rev. Ralph Tyrer, Vicar of Kendal, who died in 1627 :—

London bred me—Westminster fed me,
Cambridge sped me—My sister wed me,
Study taught me—Living sought me,
Learning brought me—Kendal caught me,
Labour press'd me—Sickness distress'd me,
Death oppress'd me—The grave possess'd me,
God first gave me—Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me—And heaven would have me.

From St. Agnes, Cornwall, comes the next epitaph :—

Here lies the body of Joan Carthew,
Born at St. Columb, died at St. Cue ;
Children she had five,
Three are dead, and two alive ;
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their mother, than live with their father.



In the churchyard at Creton, in Salop, we have the following :—

On a Thursday she was born ;
On a Thursday made a bride ;
On a Thursday put to bed ;
On a Thursday broke her leg ; and
On a Thursday died.

The next lines are in Wrexham Churchyard :—

Here lies John Shore,
I say no more,
Who was alive,
In sixty-five, Oct. 9th.



The following laconic epitaph is at Loch Ranza :—

Here lies Donald and his Wife
Janet Mac Fee,
Aged 40 hee
And 30 shee.

In Mottesford Churchyard, Hants, are these lines inscribed on a tombstone :—

My husband lithe deyde
Under this stone.
Dethy cam to him, and sedze,
Oh ! Oh ! John !



On the gravestone of Mr. Miles, in Esher Churchyard in Surrey, are these punning lines :—

This tombstone is a Milestone ;
Ha ! How so ?
Because beneath lies Miles, who's
Miles below.

They also occur in Selby Churchyard, Yorkshire.

The following strange epitaph is actually in an old cemetery at Rochville in eastern Massachusetts :—

In memory of Jane Bent,
Who kick'd up her heels and away she went.



On the tombstone of Dr. Ottwell Hill, in Lincoln Cathedral, is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation :—

'Tis Ottwell *Hill*, a holy *Hill*,
And truly sooth to say,
Upon this *Hill*, he praised still
The Lord both night and day.
Upon this *Hill* this *Hill* did cry
Aloud the Scripture letter,
And strove you wicked villains by
Good counsels to make better.
And now this *Hill*, tho' under stones,
Has the Lord's Hills to lie on ;
For Lincoln *Hill* has got his bones,
His Soul the Hill of Sion.

In Barrow-on-Soar Church, Leicestershire, is this epitaph to Theophilus Caves, who died in 1584 :—

Here in this Grave there lies a *Cave*
We call a *Cave* a Grave :
If *Cave* be Grave, and Grave be *Cave*,
Then, reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth *Cave* here lye in Grave,
Or Grave here lye in *Cave* :
If Grave in *Cave* here buryed lye,
Then Grave, where is thy victory ?
Goe, reader ! and report,
Here lies a *Cave*
Who conquers Death
And buryes his own Grave.



From the gravestone of Roger Gardiner (who died April 13, 1658, aged 21½ years), at Thunderidge in the Vale, Herts, are these lines copied :—

Roger lies here before his hour.
Thus doth the *Gardiner* lose his flower.

From the churchyard of St. Lawrence, Jury, London, come the following lines, which occur on the tombstone of one William Bird, who died October 2, 1698, aged four years :—

Our charming *Bird of Paradise* is flown,
Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft :
Since one of this fair brood is still our own.
And still to cheer our drooping souls is left,
This stays with us while that his flight doth take,
That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.



In a churchyard in Norfolk are these lines :—

Here lies Matthew Mud,
Death did him no hurt ;
When alive he was mud,
But now dead he's but dirt.

In Lincoln Cathedral is this epitaph to the Rev. Mr. William Cole, who died in 1600:—

Reader, behold the pious pattern here,
Of true devotion and of holy fear:
He sought God's glory, and the Church's good,
Idle idol worship firmly he withstood.
Yet died in peace, whose body here doth lie,
In expectation of eternity.
And when the latter trump of heaven shall blow,
Cole now raked up in *ashes* then shall *glow*.



The following occurs at St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London; at Nottingham (St. Mary's), and elsewhere:—

Here lies one More, and no More than he.
One More, and no more! how can that be?
Why one More and no More may well lie here alone:
But here lies one More, and that's More than one.

In Grantham Churchyard are the following lines :—

John Palfreman, who lieth here,
Was aged four-and-twenty year ;
And near this place his mother lies,
Also, his father, *when he dies*.



From Llanmynech in Montgomeryshire comes the following Paddyism :—

Here lies John Thomas
And his children dear ;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

Here is another ‘Paddyism,’ this time from Ireland—from Dundalk :—

Here lies the body of Robert More,
What signifys more words?
Who kill'd himself by eating of curds :
But if he had been rul'd by Sarah his wife,
He might have lived all the days of his life.



From Herne Bay comes this one :—

*Here lie two children dear,
One at Margate, and two here.*

Here is a west country Paddyism—from Plymouth :—

Here lies the body of
Thomas Vernon
The only *surviving* Son
of
Admiral Vernon.



In Arbroath Churchyard is this epitaph :—

Here lies Alexander Peter, *present* Town Treasurer of
Arbroath, who died 12th January, 1630.

Such a treasurer was not since, nor yet before ;
For common work ‘calsais trigs and schoir,’
Of all others he did excell.
He devised our skeol, and he hung our bell.

In Belturbet Churchyard, Ireland, is the following :—

Here lies John Higley, whose Father and Mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived they would have been buried here.



On the tombstone of Lady O'Looney, Dorsetshire, is incised :—

Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious. Also, she painted in water-colours, and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones, and *of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

On a dwarf are these lines inscribed on a stone in Kilsyth Churchyard :—

Beneath this stone here lies a man,
Whose body was not full three span,
A bon companion, day and night,
Sir Thomas Henderson of Haystoun Knight.



At St. Martin's Church, at Stamford in Lincolnshire, is the following epitaph :—

In remembrance of that prodigy in nature, Daniel Lambert, a native of *Leicester*, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the legs, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed 52 stone 11 lb. He departed this life on 21st of June, 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect this stone is erected by his friends in Leicester.

N.B.—The stone of 14 lb.

His coffin, consisting of 112 superficial feet of elm, was rolled upon two axletrees to the grave.



Here is an acrostic epitaph to Sir Francis Walsingham, who died April 6, 1590, and was interred at St. Paul's :—

S hall honour, fame, and titles of renown,
 I n clods of clay be thus inclosed still?
 R ather will I, tho' wiser wits may frown,
 F or to enlarge his fame extend my skill.
 R ight, gentle reader, be it known to thee,
 A famous knight doth here interred lie,
 N oble by birth, renown'd by policie,
 C onfounding foes which wrought our jeopardie,
 I n foreign countries their intents he knew,
 S uch was his zeal to do his country good,
 W hen dangers would by enemies ensue,
 A s well as they themselves he understood.
 L aunch forth, ye Muses, into streams of praise,
 S ing and sound forth praiseworthy harmony ;
 I n England death cut off his dismal days,
 N ot wrong'd by death, but by false treachery :
 G rudge not at this imperfect epitaph,
 H erein I have exprest my simple skil,
 A s the first-fruits proceeding from a graff,
 M ake them a better whosoever will.



In the tower of the old church at Bramcote, in Nottinghamshire, is a monument to Henry Hanly, who was the founder of the alms-houses at Nottingham bearing his name, and who died in the year 1650. On the monument is an acrostic epitaph, which reads thus :—

H eaven holds that soule who tooke such care
E verlasting feasts for others to prepare.
N ature nere taught to doe such excellent things.
R eason forbids such acts as damage bringes.
Y ett these (the fruits of faith) by Hanly done,

H anly will make to live when we are gone.
A nd let his name immortal be though dead,
N ever forgotten who soules and bodies feed.
L ive Hanly's name—the basis sure was good
Y our house is richer downe than when it stood.





Henry Marten, during his imprisonment for his association with the regicides, wrote the following acrostic epitaph, which was engraved on his tombstone at Chepstow :—

Here
September the 9th, in the year of our Lord 1680,
Was buried a true Englishman ;
Who in Barkshire was well known
To love his country's freedom, 'bove his own,
But lived immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear,
His Epitaph.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one to you, to me)
E arth, air, or water, gripes my ghostless dust.
N one knows how soon to be by fire sett free.
R eader, if you an oft tryed rule will trust,
Y ou'll gladly do, and suffer what you must.

M y life was spent with serving you, and you,
A nd death's my pay (it seems) and welcome too,
R evenge destroying but itself, while I
T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly.
E xamples preach to th' eye, care then (mine says)
N ot how you end, but how you spend your dayes.



Here is another acrostic epitaph, from Stepney, on the gravestone of 'Christopher Henley, late of Ratcliffe, deceased July 2d, 1693':—

C oncealed from care, beneath this marble lies
H is sacred relicks, which again must rise ;
R emote from human discords, unoppress'd,
I n this cold urn his peaceful ashes rest ;
S natch'd into earth's dark bosom, free from all
T hose troubles which a mortal life befall ;
O pious reader ! know, his living just
P rocures his quiet slumbers in the dust ;
H is virtuous deeds crown his unthinking clay,
E rect a monument without delay,
R aising his soul to everlasting day.

H is wife and children's grief their tears reveal,
E ach find their loss too weighty to conceal ;
N o unjust act through his whole race we find,
L owing he liv'd and just to all mankind ;
E asie he sleeps till heav'n shall raise his dust,
Y ielding his soul t' the mansions of the just.

Here is an acrostic from St. Mary's Churchyard, Atherington :—

N ot dead ! but sleeping here ;
O stay the falling tear.
R edeemed by blood, my soul would rise,
A nd join the ransomed in the skies.

B eloved ones left behind,
E ternal bonds yet bind
E ach heart to heart till we shall come
R ound yonder throne, our heaven, our home.

Sometimes tombstone inscriptions have been converted into riddles. Here is one from St. Andrew's Church at Worcester :—

H L T B O
R W
I H O A J R
A.D. 1780. A 65.

It means,

Here Lyeth The Body Of
Richard Weston.
In Hope Of A Joyful Resurrection.
A.D. 1780. Aged 65.

Near the entrance of the church at San Salvador, in Oviedo, is a tomb, erected by a prince named Silo, on which is the following inscription, which can be read in 270 different ways, taking the centre letter as the initial one. It reads thus : 'SILO PRINCEPS FECIT.'

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

There are also inscribed those letters on the tomb :—

H. E. S. S. S. S. T. L.,

which stand for 'HIC EST SILO SITUS, SIT SIBI TERRA LEVIS,' or, translated : 'Here Silo lies buried ; may the earth be light upon him.'

The following example of a peculiar class of epitaph is from Hadleigh Church in Suffolk :—

The charnel mounted on this w
 Sets to be seen in funer
 A matron playn domestic
 In housewifery a princip
 In care and payns continu
 Not slow, nor gay, nor prodig
 Yet neighbourly and hospit
 Her children seven yet living
 Her sixty-seventh year hence did c } all.
 To rest her body natur
 In hope to rise spiritu

From East Bergholt Church, in Suffolk, is the following epitaph gleaned :—

Edward	Edward Lambe,	Lambe
Ever	second sonne of	Lived
Envied	Thomas Lambe,	Laudably
Evill	Of Trimley,	Lord
Endured	Esquire.	Lett
Extremities	All his days	Like
Even	he lived a Bachelor.	Life
Earnestly	Well learned in Deveyne	Learne
Expecting	and Common Lawes,	Ledede
Eternal	with his councell he	Livers
Ease	helped many, yett took	Lament
	fees scarce of any.	

He dyed the 19th November, 1647.

The following reaches us from Cunwallow, near Helstone, in Cornwall :—

Shall	wee	all	die?
Wee	shall	die	all
All	die	shall	wee?
Die	all	wee	shall.



A gravestone at Fenwick (N.B.) has (or had) this inscription thereon :—

Here lies the dust of John Fergushill and George Woodburn, who were shot at Midland by Nisbet and his party, 1685.

When bloody prelates
Once this nation pest,
Contrived that cursed
Self-contradicting test,
These men for Christ
Did suffer martyrdom,
And here their dust lies
Waiting till he come.

Renewed by subscription, 1829.



In the parish church of Newark is the following :—

Sacred to the memory
Of Hercules Clay, Alderman of Newark,
Who died in the year of his Mayoralty,
Jan. 1, 1644.
On the 11th of March, 1643,
He and his family were preserved
By the Divine Providence
From the dreadful Effects of a Bomb
Which had been levelled against his house
By the Besiegers,
And entirely destroyed the same.
Out of gratitude for this deliverance,
He has taken care
To perpetuate the remembrance thereof
By an alms to the poor and a sermon;
By this means
Raising to himself a Monument
More durable than Brass.

The thund'ring Cannon sends forth from its mouth the
devouring Flames
Against my Household Goods, and yours, O Newark.
The Ball, thus thrown, Involved the House in Ruin;

But by a Divine Admonition from Heaven I was saved,
Being thus delivered by a strength Greater than that of
Hercules,
And having left behind this Body of Clay,
I now inhabit the stars on high.
Now, Rebel, direct thy unavailing Fires at Heaven.
Art thou afraid to fight against God
Who hast been a Murderer of His people ?
Thou durst not, Coward, scatter thy Flames
Whilst Charles remains on Earth,
Whilst Charles inhabits the Skies.



In Fenwick Churchyard is also this inscription :—

Here lies the corps of Peter Gemmel who was shot to death by Nisbet and his party, 1685, for bearing his faithful testimony to the cause of Christ : aged 21 years.

This man like holy anchorits of old,
For conscience sake was thrust from house and hold,
Bloodthirsty red coats cut his prayers short,
And even his dying groans were made their sport.
Ah Scotland ! breach of solemn vows repent,
For blood, thy crime will be thy punishment.



On an oval stone slab on the south wall of St. Mary's, Beverley, are the following lines :—

Here two young Danish soldiers lie :
The one in quarrel chanced to die ;
The other's head, by their own law,
With sword was sever'd at one blow.

December 23, 1689.



From the stone in the churchyard of the Greyfriars, in Edinburgh, commemorating the Martyrs of the Covenant, are these lines taken :—

Halt, passenger ! take heed what you do see.
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood,
Adhering to the Covenant, and laws
Establishing the same ; which was the cause
Their lives were sacrificed unto the lust
Of prelatists abjured, though here their dust
Lies mix'd with murderers and other crew
Whom justice justly did to death pursue ;
But as for them, no cause was to be found
Worthy of death, but only they were found
Constant and steadfast, witnessing
For the prerogatives of Christ their King ;
Which truths were seal'd by famous Guthrie's head,
And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood,
They did endure the wrath of enemies,
Reproaches, torments, deaths, and injuries ;
But yet they're those who from such troubles came,
And triumph now in glory with the Lamb.



At Fenwick, in Scotland, are these lines :—

The dust here lies, under this stone,
Of James Howie and his son John :
These two both lived in Lochgoin,
And by death's power was call'd to join
This place ; the first, November twenty-one,
Year sixteen hundred and ninety one.
The second aged ninety years,
The first of July, was brought here,
Years seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
For owning truth made fugitive.
Their house twelve times, and cattel all
Once rob'd, and family brought to thrall :
Of these before the Revolution,
Outlived Zion's friends 'gainst opposition.





In Lockerbie Churchyard there was buried James Harkness, who died December 7, 1723, aged seventy-two, on the tombstone to whom is inscribed :—

Below this stone his dust doth lie,
Who endured 28 years persecution by tyranny ;
Did him pursue with hue and cry,
Through many a lonesome place.
At last by Clavers he was ta'en, sentenced for to die,
But God, who for his soul took care,
Did him from prison bring,
Because no other cause they had,
But that he would not give up
With Christ his glorious King,
And swear allegiance to that beast,
The Duke of York I mean.
In spite of all their hellish rage,
A natural death he died,
In full assurance of his rest
With Christ eternally.





On a gravestone in Ditching Churchyard are these lines inscribed :—

Below lyes for sartin
Honest old Harting,
And snug close beside un,
His fat wife, a wide one.
If another you lack,
Look down and see Jack ;
And further a yard,
Lyes Charles, who drank hard.
And near t' un lies Moggy,
Who never got groggy,
Like Charles, and her father
Too abstemious the rather,
And therefore popp'd off,
In a tissickey cough.
Look round now and spy out
The old family out.



In Wolverhampton Church, whilst removing part of the altar, the following lines came to view on what seemed to be part of a monument :—

Here lies the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who ate whilst he was able ;
But once o'er fed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.

When from the tomb
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners ;
Since he must dwell
In heaven or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners.



The next is from Grantham Churchyard :—

Who lies here ? ' ' Who do you think ?'
Poor John Griffin, give him a drink.'
What ? Dead men drink ! Oh, fie !'
Why, when he was alive he was always dry.'

There is a gravestone at Wood Ditton, in which is fixed an iron dish (as directed by the deceased, William Symons who died in 1753). The inscription on the stone is :—

Here lies my corpse, who was the man
That loved a sop in the dripping pan ;
But now, believe me, I am dead,
See how the pan stands at my head.
Still for the sops till the last I cried,
But could not eat, and so I died.
My neighbours, they perhaps will laugh
When they do read my epitaph.



In a parish churchyard at Edinburgh are these lines :—

Here lies the banes o' Tammy Messer
O' tarry woo' he was a dresser,
He had some faults and many merits
And died of drinking ardent spirits.

The next is in Thetford Churchyard :—

My Grandfather lies buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear ;
My father perish'd with inflammation in the thighs,
And my sister dropt down dead in the Minories.
But the reason I'm here interr'd, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking ;
If therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or anything
strong.



In Uley Churchyard, Gloucestershire, is the following epitaph on a vegetarian :—

Underneath lie the remains of Roger Rutter, *alias* Rutter, eldest son of John Rutter, of Uley, who was buried August 30th, 1771, aged 84 years, having never eaten flesh, fish, nor fowl during the course of his long life.

From St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, we have the following :—

Hereunder lyeth a Man of Fame,
William Walworth, call'd by name ;
Fishmonger he was, in Lifetime here,
And twice Lord Mayor, as in Bookes appeare :
Who with courage stout and manly might,
Slew Wat Tyler in King Richard's sight ;
For which act done, and trew intent,
The king made him knight incontinent,
And gave him Armes, as here you see,
To declare his Tact and Chivalrie.
He left this life, the year of our God
Thirteen hundred, fourscore, and three odd.



On the slab over Shakespeare's grave at Stratford-on-Avon are these lines :—

Good frend for Iesus sake forbear,
To digg the doss encloased heare ;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And corst be he yt moves my bones.

Shakespeare's remains would in all probability have now been lying at Westminster but for these words.

The last line occurs in the following epitaph, which occurs at Clayworth, Notts :—

Blessed be he that set this stone,
That I may not be forgotten ;
And curst be he that moves my bones,
Before that they be rotten.



The following inscription is (or was recently) to be found on a stone on the east wall of the chancel end of Cropwell Bishop Church, Notts :—

To
the memory of
William German,
Gentleman,
who died July 22, 1791,
aged 71 years.

Divided love and Friendship dear
Hang weeping o'er his mournful bier ;
But Friendship dear, and parted love,
Shall meet him in the realms above.
The helpless, ag'd, infirm and poor
Their Benefactor's loss deplore :
To them, alas ! sad *Cause* to mourn,
Like time, he never shall return.

The next epitaph is from a gravestone in the Church of St. Peter and Paul, Barnstaple, on Richard Baple, an extensive woollen merchant of that town, dated 1623 :—

Were it not more wisely done, if with consent,
We joined to batter down this monument ;
Lest when the sorrowing poor lift up their eyes,
They drown the voyce o' th' sermon with their cryes.
Let that be others doome, such as can give
With liberal spirit, but only whiles they live ;
As-for this Senator, his nobler minde
Within one age did scorne to bee confin'd,
For which to future ages he convay'd,
So rich a portion only to be pay'd
That henceforth tears being banisht, it might bring
To the orphans joy, and make poor widows sing,
Let those who'de have their monuments to stand,
Take fayr example from this bounteous hand.



From Waltham Abbey we have the following curious epitaph, which is dated 1746 :—

Your smiles I courte not,
Nor your frowns I feare ;
My toils are ended ;
My head lies quiet here.

There is a similar one to the following in the parish churchyard at Preston in Lancashire, and at Kinoulton, Notts.

This is from Kensington—from the grave of Mr. Thomas Wright, who died March 12, 1776, aged 67:—

Farewell, vain world! I've had enough of thee,
I value not what thou can't say of me;
Thy smiles I value not, nor frowns don't fear,
All's one to me, my head is quiet here;
What faults you've seen in me, take care to shun,
Go home, and see there's something to be done.



Another version reaches us from Hewelsfield, near St. Briavels, which we here give:—

Farewell, vain world, I know enough of thee,
I value not what thou can't say of me;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear;
All's one to me, my head lies quiet here:
What thou see'st amiss in me take care to shun;
Look well at home, there's something to be done.

Jonna Edwards,
of Harthill Court.
Died November 14th, 1838.

In Melton Mowbray Churchyard, Leicestershire, is a curious epitaph on one Andrew Jordaine, who died in 1723, in which the following well-known lines occur :—

What's ill you've seen in me be sure to shun,
And look at home, there's something to be done.



On Sarah Turgoose's tombstone at Sturton-le-Staple, Notts, is a noted example. The date is 1789.

This world's a city, and full of crooked streets,
The grave's the marketplace, where all friends meets.
Was life a merchandise that men could buy,
The rich would always live, the poor would die.
I leave this world, which well I know is vain,
In hopes in Heaven to meet my friends again.

Similar lines to the following occur at Bengco in Herts, and at Milton, Kent.

In Uffington Churchyard, Wiltshire, is this verse :—

This world's a city, full of lanes and streets,
And death's the market, where all men meet ;
If life was merchandise and money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.



On the gravestone of William Rymour, maltman and
burgess of Cupar, in Fife, are these lines incised :—

Through Christ, I'me not inferiour
To William the Conquerour. Rom. 8, 37.

On the monument of John Cuthbert (who died November 21, 1711), at Inverness, is this couplet :—

In death, no difference is made
Betwixt the sceptre and the spade.



John Bell lived in Annandale, on the Scots side, and has (or had) a stone erected to him about the beginning of the sixteenth century, with this inscription :—

I Jocky Bell o' Blaikenbrow, lies under this stane,
Five of my own sons laid it on my wame ;
I liv'd aw my dayes, but sturt or strife,
Was man o' my meat, and master o' my wife.
If you done better in your time, than I did in mine,
Take the stane off my wame and lay it on o' thine.

On a headstone to I. R., bearing date 1703, in Houff Churchyard, are these lines :—

Here lies a man,
Com'd of Adam and Eve ;
If any will climb higher
I give him leave.



At Kingsbridge and at Dawlish is the following to be read :—

Here I lie at ye church door,
Here I lie, because I'se poor.
Ye furder you go, ye more ye pay,
Here I lie as warm as they.

On the headstone erected to James Craig, in Haddington Churchyard, are these remarkable lines :—

Hout Atropos ! hard-hearted hag,
'To cut the sheugh of Jamie Craig ;
For had he liv'd a wheen mae years,
He had been o'r teugh for your sheirs.
Now Jamie's dead, sua man we a,
And for his sake I'll say this sa,
In heien Jamie be thy saul !



This epitaph is on Sir Francis Vere, at Landulph, Cornwall :—

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field ;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward struck him—and he died.



From an old work bearing the title *Sepulchorum Inscriptiones*, published in 1727, we extract the following curious lines, stated therein to be copied from the monument of the Earl of Essex at Nottingham, the church not mentioned (but probably St. Mary's).

There sleeps great Essex, Darling of mankind,
Fair Honor's Lamp, foul Envy's prey, Art's fame,
Nature's Pride, Virtue's Bulwark, Lure of Mind,
Wisdom's flower, Valour's tower, Fortune's shame,
England's Sun, Belgia's Light, France's Star, Spain's Thunder,
Lisbon's Lightning, Ireland's Cloud, The whole World's Wonder.

In our repeated searchings among the three old churches of Nottingham, we have not met with the above remarkable inscription. It has probably been effaced, or the monument removed.



In the old church of Taxall, Cheshire, was, a few years ago (and probably still is), a monument bearing the following inscription :—

Underneath lyeth the body of Michael Heathcote, esquire, gentleman of the pantry, and yeoman of the mouth to his late Majesty King George the Second, who died June 22d, 1768, aged 75 years.



In Cuckney (Notts) Churchyard may be found a head-stone inscribed :—

A long and flattering sickness did me Greeve,
No helpe nor medicine could me Releeve,
then patiently i did Resign my Breath,
in hopes to find more comfort after death.



In the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Blidworth, Notts, is a square alabaster frame, on which are rudely carved in relief the figures of a stag and three hounds, together with long-bows, cross-bows, fleshing knives, spears, swords, a hunting-horn, and other implements of the chase. Tradition says that this once formed part of a monument to Will Scarlett, the companion of Robin Hood. The frame now encloses a black marble slab erected to the memory of a Ranger of Blidworth Wood.

HERE RESTS T. LEAKE WHOSE VERTUES WEERE SO KNOWNE
IN ALL THESE PARTS THAT THIS ENGRAVED STONE
NEEDS NAVGHT RELATE, BUT HIS VNTIMELY END
WHICH WAS IN SINGLE FIGHT: WHYLST YOUTH DID LEND
HIS AYDE TO VALOR. HEE WITH EASE ORCHAST
MANY SLYGHT DANGERS, GREATER THEN THIS LAST
BUT WILFOLLE FATE IN THESE THINGS GOVERN'S ALL
HEE TOWLD OUT THREE SCÓRE YEARS BEFORE HIS FALL
MOST OF WCHE TIME HEE WASTED IN THIS WOOD
MVCH OF HIS WEALTH AND LAST OF ALL HIS BLOODE.

1598. Feb. 4.

N.N.



On the gravestone of Rebecca Rogers, in Folkestone Churchyard, are these lines engraved :—

A house she hath, it's made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation,
Nor will her Landlord ever raise her rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment.
From chimney-money, too, this cell is free,
To such a house who would not tenant be?



A goldsmith named Robert Trappes died in 1526, and was interred at St. Leonard's, Foster Lane, City. The following lines were cut on his gravestone :—

When the bells be merely rung,
And the Masse devoutly sung,
And the Meate merely eaten,
Then sall Robert Trappes, his Wyffs and
His Children be forgotten.

The next is in West Grinstead, Sussex :—

Vast strong was I, but yet did die,
And in my grave asleep I lie.
My grave is stoned round about,
Yet I hope the Lord will find me out.



In the graveyard at Hendon is an epitaph which describes the characteristics of one Robert Thomas Crossfield, a doctor of medicine at Spinnelhorn, Yorkshire, who died November 8, 1802. Here it is :—

Beneath this stone Tom Crossfield lies,
He cares not now who laughs or cries,
He laughed when sober, but when mellow
Was a harem-scarem brainless fellow.
He gave to none designed offence,
So *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The following curious epitaph appears on a headstone in the churchyard of Storrington, Sussex :—

Here lies the body of Edward Hide ;
We laid him here because he died.
We had rather
It had been his father.
If it had been his sister,
We should not have miss'd her.
But since 'tis honest Ned
No more shall be said.



On a stone in Guildsfield Churchyard, Montgomeryshire, to the memory of David Williams, who died June 30, 1769, is the following inscription :—

Under this yew tree
Buried would he be,
Because his father he
Planted this yew tree.

The following is in Humberstone Churchyard, Lincolnshire, from the gravestone of Thomas Wilson, farmer, who died in 1825 :—

My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwin'd with my own ;
Adieu, for the present my spirit ascends,
Where friendship immortal is known ;
My care and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrow are now at an end :
I hope that I shall at our meeting again,
With you to Mount Zion ascend.



In Glasgow Churchyard is the following :—

Here lies Mess Andrew Gray,
Of whom ne muckle good can say ;
He was ne Quaker, for he had no spirit ;
He was ne Papist, for he had no merit ;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine ;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine.
For forty years he preach'd and lee'd,
For which God dom'd him when he dee'd.

In St. Peter's Churchyard, Barton-on-Humber, there is a tombstone with the following strange inscription :—

Doom'd to receive half my soul held dear,
The other half with grief, she left me here,
Ask not her name, for she was true and just,
Once a fine woman, but now a heap of dust.

As may be inferred, no name is given. The date is 1777. A curious and romantic legend attaches to the epitaph.



At Alnwick, Northumberland, is this epitaph :—

Here lyeth Martin Elphinston,
Who with his sword did cut in sun-
Der the daughter of Sir Harry
Crispe, who did his daughter marry ;
She was fat and fulsome,
But men will some-
Times eat bacon with their bean,
And love the fat as well as lean.

In Bunhill Fields is this epitaph :—

Here lies
Dame Mary Page,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.
She departed this life on March 4, 1728,
in the 56 year of her age.
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times,
and had taken away
240 gallons of water,
without ever repining at her case,
or ever fearing its operation.



This 'rub' for the medical profession exists in stone at Luton :—

Here lies the body of Thomas Procter,
Who lived and died without a doctor.



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